

The GRANT Whipt by his GOD MOTHER;

OR

# A LOVING EPISTLE

Wrote to the most

# Notorious Observer,

## Monsieur L'ESTRANGE.

By the Anti-Papistical J. C.

My dear G. d. Son!

**K**NEE down and ask my Blessing, thou Child of Threescore and upwards, that mayst be Grand-fire to thy God-Mother; but I say, my good Boy, thou shalt not want my Blessing, since thou wilt have me be thy God-Mother: Rise up Sir Knight of the Lying Oracle, and may the Reward thou deservest, be bestowed upon thee, the *Tripod of the Ems*, or *Colemans sanctified Ruff*. Why, thou Spawn of *Garagantua*, thou *Coloss* of Iniquity, mounted upon the *Pelion* of thy own Wit, and the *Ossa* of Impudence, stretching forth thy Impious hands, like a true *Titan* against Heaven, that wouldst, with thy Observing Club, knock *Jupiter* out of his Throne, art thou not afraid at last to come to thy 12 God-fathers? But they, even they, my Gyant Boy, will never appear more dreadful to thee than thy enraged God-Mother, at this instant, with the Rod of Correction in her awful hand, breeching and flashing her irreverent God-Son, in the Keen Fury of her Spleen: Dost thou know thou Tube-peeping Observer, thou Fly-flap of the Times: thou Maggot-blower of Sedition, what it is to stir the Rage of a Woman? Come on I say, my pretty *Narcissus*, that lovest thy own Shadow so well, and doteest on the Image of thy own Wit, come on I say, and set thy Foot to mine, and thou shalt find I am an *Amazon* as you call me, and shall make thee a Pigmy, carry thee about in a Cage, and shew thee with thy ridiculous Wit for a Monster, that hast already made all the Town to laugh at thee. Nay thou hast mor'd the *British Blood*, and by the Soul of *Boadicia*, I will smook thee, thou *Neatherlandish* Sooterkin, that flies in the face of a Woman, out of all thy lurking holes, I will tell the World of thy tricks, thou tumbling Puppet that danceest to thy own Musick: 'Tis no wonder thou hast so great a Spite to *Fleet-Brig*, a place fatal to thee and thy two Beaver Hats, whilst thou starest bare to thy dear Misses; 'Twas then *Fleet-Lane* was more Beloved, when thou haunted all the little Gaming Houses without License; The loss of thy two Beaver Hats, thou *Goats Head*, made thee ever since have a squinting eye on *Goat-Ally*, thy Brains then caught cold, and thou hast been somewhat enfeebled ever since: Then thou usedst to handle Women more gently before thou wert become the Popes Spigor, to let forth Poyson

for the Whigs, when thou wouldst have excused a Whipp for Printing of Treason, and have Licensed the Wife to have committed Adultery, & thou pring Faggot Stick of the Nation, and Sticklet for Justice and Government; but thou art since dwindled away to a Straw, and sailest at Virtue in Women, and canst now only endeavour to beget Jealousie in the Husband, in railing against the Honesty of the Wife; but thy Spite and thy Malice is so well known, That thou art no more regarded than a Chattering Monkey; Thou railing puff of Vaniry, thou bladder of Conceit, thou bubble of Wind and Water, thou *Patch* of a *Line* of Straw, that strottest like the Gyants in *Guild-Hall*, and hast as much dread in thee: is it thus thou shewest all thy mighty parts against a Woman? Is this the mighty *Gogmagog L' Estrange*, that at last stoops to wrestle with a Woman? Are all your Polymithal Volums with all their high Rants and Rores, dwindled into a weekly sheet, that rails at and abuses a Woman? Well, have at you, with your own Weapon the Tongue, which most properly belongs to our Sex, thou scold in Breeches; you will find a Woman has Teeth as well as Tongue, and can bite as well as talk; there are She-Saryrs as well as Hee-Goats, thou Student in *Goatham College*, who with the *Quintessence of Tom Tombs*, and the *Remarks of the Seven Wise Masters*, sett up for an Observer, and as soon as thou seest any thing in Petticoats, criest out, an *Amazon*, a *Sybill*, a *Goat*, and takest them all for thy God-Mothers. But since I was thy God-Mother, thou man of an Hundred Names, which of them did I bestow on thee, when thou wast dipt in an Un-Christian Font? Was it *Tory* or *Towzer*? *Crack* for *Crack* for *Crack* for *Papist* or *Pragmatism*? *Protestant* or the *Pied Piper*? *Fidler* or the *Flea-Catcher*? Troth 'tis so long since, I have forgot: Thou hast a Bead-rolle of them, which will serve thee to number thy *Aue Maria's* by, and will stick longer to thee than thy Mummy'd Flesh to thy rotten Bones. Well *Tory*, what was it made thee to rore thus against thy God-Mother Evidence, ha? tell me thou brave hand of *Belzebub*, in whose ugly Character of thine I am comprised more evil and mischief than in forty men besides, what was it that put thee into that Fit of undutiful rage and madness, as to provoke me thus to Chastize thee? Did Twenty Thousand Apprentices call thee *Papist* and *Papist Observer*? did they indeed? and

and therefore you'll be revenged of your God-Mother, was that like a gracious Child of the Church of England? was that done like the Gyant *Don Ruyter* or like a *Pigmy* as thou art, poking thy *Boo-hin Pen* at a Woman, whom thou takest to be a Crane with a long Bill, that will take thee by the Nose, and make thee Cry out, as loud as ere *St. Dunstan* made the Devil with his Tongue? But tell me, why dost thou wince so, and *flap* and *ding* at the Name of *Sybil*, like an old Horse with a gall'd Back, that loathes not to be touched in that part? Not a word, ha? That won't stop Mrs. *Evidences* mouth, nor Mr. *Witnesses* neither, nor Mr. *Affidavits*, but therefore you will be angry with your God-Mother? But know Sir *Crack-fart*, that she fears you not, and will not let you go like a Soeking Cur without a pat from her Heel, or a Butt in the Hamms, that shall lay the Gyant *Hodge* on his back sprawling, since thou hast made her a Bastard and a Goat. You say God-Son, That I am good at ap- plying, and since I am a *Sybil*, sure I should be good at Propheying too. O God-Son, have a care I say of the Tree with three stumps, that every month bears Evil Human Fruit, for the time is com- ing, that the Five Hundred Headed Beast, and Monster as you have made it, the dreaded Senate will appear, and then barking *Tomzer* will run away as if a Rattle were ty'd at his Tail, without so much as an Appeal or God-b'w'ye, and leave his Dear Friends, his *Cities* and his *Bumpkins*, his *Zekiels* and his *Ephraims*, his *Vindicators* and his *Replyers*, his *Dialoguers* and his *Observers*, and his whole Lit- ter of little barking Whelps, that used to follow the Heels, and attended the Fingers end of his *Dog ship*, to the mercy of the Hang-man.

As I am a true *Sybil* this will come to pass, my dear God-Son *Crack-fart*, and that before ever thou wilt be able to perform the Task thou hast under- taken, of Writing *Canting* and *Libelling* out of the Kings Dominion. O *Rhodomontado*! this is a true *Crackfart Rhodomontado*, sure thou hast mounted the Mole-hill Mountain of thy own Abili- ty, and saw all the little *Whiggs* like *Bismires* crawl- ing under thee, which thou intendest with one dash of thy Pen, to beat into the Earth, for strike them out of the Land of Nature. Why thou shaddow of a Gyant, thou *Thrasonical Hercules*, with thy Observating Club upon thy Neck, thou braying *Ass* in a *Lions Skin*, is it thus thou performest thy boastings in meddling with thy Godmother? I will tell thee, if thou wilt write *Canting* and *Li- belling* out of the Kings Dominions, you must write your Worship out of the Kings Dominions, for Nonsense and Libels drop from thee continually, as naturally as Maggots from a Sheeps Tail, or Lice from a Beggar. I am sure the *Sybil* does not over- shoot her self in this. Now flourish your Mighty Pen against Persecutors, do *English Don Quixot*, do, till at a Woman, and see what a pit the twerling Tongue of a feeble Female, will take thy empty Noddle, that shall turn the Brains in thy Calves- Head, notwithstanding thy brazen Forehead, more Brass than *Mambrino*'s Helmet, nor the Barbers Bas- son, Pollish'd over with Impudence. *Ud! splutter, a- Nails, let her come at this Fiddling Crackfart God- son of mine!* Art running into the *Wetherlands*, art thou? I han't done with thee, thou *Malquerading*

Scribler, thou Mouse dropt out of the Saout of an *Elephant*, thou confounder of *Whiggs*, both Hee's and Shee's, thou Champion for the Cause, that threatnest Twenty Thousand Children, and then fallest foul of a Woman: thou Juggling *Hocus Po- cus* of the Nation, that promises Wonders and per- formst nothing, thou Whigg-tail proper, I will pull thee out by the Heels, tho thou wert lock't up in a Chest in thy Book-sellers-Garrat, and shew the World what a rumbling Baboon thou art, drest in Dublet and Breeches, chattering against a W. man. Let me take breath, that I may reason a little with this ill contriv'd Godson of mine, that he may see all this Chastisement is not for nothing, but out of pure Love and Care, that he might forsake the De- vil and all his Works; for I see alas! I see he is go- ing the way of much Wicked flesh, running a full gallop up *Holborn Hill*, to the fatal place, without so much as calling on his Sybil Godmother, in *Goat- Ally*, or taking a Bait at his own House: But per- haps my young Gyant Godson, of Threescore, being so tender a stripling, and well Corrected by his Godmother, may forsake his Evil Courses, and take up ere it be too late, and not attempt the dangerous Adventure of attacking a Woman, and a bold *Brit- rain* too, a more desperate act than running his Noddle into an Hive full of enraged Bees: Mrs. *Sybil* advises thee, thou whistler to the Devils Regi- ment, to put up thy Pipes, and not fall a tooting at every *Whiggs* Tail that Waggs, for thou wilt never be regarded, now thou hast been flast by thy God- mother, who is able to manage thee without the help of *Care* or *Janaway*, two Gyants, that have made thee Tremble, for all thy *Crack-fart* Thunder. Nay I will yet be more bitter to thee than the *Wacky Packer of Advice*, which makes thee disgorge thy self. I tell thee, thou inveterate sower of Sedition, I will be as opposite to thee, as Truth is to all thy Works, I will learn to write *Dialogues* as well as *E- pistles*, and to compose *Satyr*s and keen *Lambicks*, to be revenged of thee; There shan't be a *Whigg*, but shall wag his Tail at thee, in spite of thy Teeth, tho thou thinkest to be *Lycenser General* of the *Whiggs* Tails, that none may wag without thy Li- cence and Observation. Godson, you must excuse a Woman if she be a little impertinent with you, and that she doth not fence with you according to your own Art of railing in Mode and Figure, she is only used to the down-right natural way of speaking Truth, and correcting the Errors of her God-child, after the womans manner, that is, laying it on ac- cording to her Female ability. I shall now con- clude with this most seasonable Advice, tho I have little hopes of thy amendment, thou hast been so long pickled in the Devils Poudering Tob, however, as a Godmother ought, I say, I do advise thee, to leave peeping after and observing the wagging of the Tails of the *Whiggs*: This is all I have to say to thee, and therefore without farther Ceremony, thou impo- tent, stumbling, over-grown, mercenary Scribler, thou frivolous, foolish, Dialoguing Whig- Tail Ob- servator, farewell and be hang'd.

So wishes the Echo-Whiggs

and

Your Sybil Godmother in Goat-Ally,

J. C.